Fascinum

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by trashbambi

Summary

> “Facetime would require having me on speaker and I’m sure you wouldn’t want someone overhearing the things I want to say to you and interrupt, hmm?”

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Will stood at the front of his Quantico lecture hall and gazed out at the students packing away their things before his lecture was fully wrapped up. Sometimes he wondered how any of them got through their training when they were so eager to leave.The academic year had just started and this fresh crop of FBI hopefuls were already disappointing him.

Will's phone gave a rhythmic buzz in his pocket, signalling a new message as he explained the essay he wanted them to write on Why some bite patterns and locations were indicative of certain pathologies. He ignored the message as he finished the session.

"You'll have this done and handed in by your next lecture. If you don't, no form of bribery will get me to give you an extension, so don't waste your own time. Dismissed." Will moved behind his desk at shuffled some papers around on his desk until the last trainee left the hall, then flopped heavily into his chair with a tired groan. He hoped beyond all hopes that the message wasn't Jack telling him he'd found yet another psychiatrist to try and do his psych eval and he was due back in the field.

Running a hand over his face, Will pulled his phone from his slacks with the other, swiping to open the message without looking at the sender. He almost dropped his phone at the sight that greeted him. The video he'd been sent auto played, showing semen spilling from a thick, uncut cock.

Will let out the most undignified noise of aroused surprise and quickly checked to make sure he really was alone before reading the message that had come with the video.

Forgive me for being so forward, however I find myself unable to stop thinking about last night. Dealing with patients while hiding my state of arousal has been challenging.

It was from Hannibal; of course it was. They may have only been dating for 2 months, but Will recognised that cock almost immediately, he'd not needed to check the sender or see the strangely formal way he wrote texts to know that.

They'd met a handful of times before he'd been called into Jack's office the week prior and formally introduced to Hannibal. Neither had known who the other person they were going to be meeting was, and they'd had to explain to Jack why having Hannibal give him a psych eval wasn't a good idea.

"I'm afraid rubber-stamping Mr. Graham for you won't be possible Agent Crawford. It would call into question my ethics to have any kind of official role in his life as a Psychiatrist, as we've been seeing each other on a personal level for several weeks."

Hannibal had turned to glance in Will's direction, an amused twist to his lips as Will felt his face heat with embarrassment at having to disclose this part of his life to Jack. Most assumed Will was straight and he usually didn't challenge that, life was just simpler when he kept his proclivities to himself.

Jack had spluttered and tried to purposefully misunderstand their relationship in order to get Hannibal to sign off on Will's return to the field. At least until Hannibal had outright told

Jack he was sexually interested in Wil, causing Will to hiss Hannibal's name at him in reprimand while flushed red to the roots of his hair. Their personal life was none of Jacks business. Hannibal had just sat there looking smug.

Will stuffed his papers and books into his bag, holding it in front of himself to hide his state as he made the short walk to his office. Once he was locked inside, bag discarded, and stretched out on the rarely used faux leather couch. It was stiff and uncomfortable, and Will briefly entertained the idea of having Hannibal come and fuck him on it to break it in.

The thought had him letting out a huff of want, stroking his hands over the seat before pulling his phone from his pocket. He opened the message again and played the video, biting his lower lip as he palmed his cock through his slacks. Will tapped out a quick reply.

Fuck that's hot. I'm a little jealous I'm not there to help you clean up.

Will continued to stroke himself through his pants as he waited for a reply, eyes fixed on the way semen rolled down Hannibal's shaft and fingers. It was a special kind of torture to know Hannibal had gotten off without him and Will, who had long ago admitted he could be a bit of a thirsty cockslut, wasn't able to taste him. His phone buzzed in his hand.

Are you touching yourself for me, Will?

A short second later it buzzed again.

Show me.

Will made a strangled noise in the back of his throat and his tongue snuck out to wet his suddenly dry lips. This whole situation was mad. He was sexting his prim and proper psychiatrist boyfriend while they were both at work, and Hannibal started it. It certainly wasn't something Will had ever expected from him, but he wasn't going to complain.

The risk of it was thrilling, despite knowing his door was locked and he was unlikely to be disturbed, Will also had a class due to start in twenty minutes. Sure he'd likely get off before that, but he knew if he did his ability to teach or even think would be severely lacking. His brain always seemed to short out after orgasm.

Will wrapped his fingers around himself through his trousers, the shape of his hard cock clear as he took a quick picture and sent it to Hannibal. His phone rang a moment later and he chuckled as he answered the call and brought it to his ear.

"So eager even though you just came?" Will asked, sliding down further on the couch and propping one foot on the seat as he flicked open the button of his slacks. He smiled at the sound of Hannibal's soft huff of a laugh.

"As much as I enjoy seeing pictures of you debauched, I'm in the mood to hear your lovely sounds of pleasure right now," Hannibal told him, voice still tinged with the husk of arousal.

"Yeah? You do know you can have both at the same time right? We can facetime." Will slipped his hand past the waistband of his boxers and wrapped his fingers around himself. He

gave an audible swallow and exhale at the contact. He let his head fall back against the arm of the couch, keeping the phone close to his ear as he began to stroke himself.

“Facetime would require having me on speaker and I’m sure you wouldn’t want someone overhearing the things I want to say to you and interrupt, hmm?”

A thrill of excitement raced down Will’s spine and his cheeks heated at the enticing taboo of getting caught. He squeezed himself harder, with a soft pant of need.

“Do you like the thought of that? Perhaps I should take you out for a nice meal, and before dessert pull you into the restroom with me. Bend you over the sink and fuck you raw. You’d have to be very quiet for me,” Hannibal said, amusement ringing out clear over the phone.

“Fuck… don’t start something you wont finish.”

“You’ll be the one finishing, Will.”

Will choked back a moan and pulled his cock from his pants for more room, stroking himself firm and slow.

“Hannibal… fuck you make me want to speed out of here and come find you. I’ve been trying to hard to focus on work all day and not completely out myself as a hornball to my students but you make it so damn difficult. I still feel the ache of you inside me from last night,” Will groaned, breath heavy. He bit his lip as he tensed the muscles of his ass, accentuating the lingering ache of having been stretched and fucked hard.

“Oh? I’m pleased you can still feel me. If I had my way I’d keep you on my cock for days. Or perhaps I’d keep myself on your cock. Would you like to fuck me, Will?” Hannibal practically purred and Will thumbed the sensitive patch below the head of his cock before starting to rock his hips up, fucking the tight ring of his fingers.

“Yeah, fuck yeah I’d like that. I’ve thought about it before… I wasn’t sure you’d go for it,” Will said, breath hitching as he imagined Hannibal stretched around him, bent over that big desk of his. “Fuck yeah.”

“What are you imagining, you clever, dirty boy? I can hear the need in your voice.”

“What do you think I’m imagining?” Will asked, a pin-pricked ripple of sensation, unusual and pleasant, spread down his nape and upper back. Hearing the heat and want in Hannibal’s voice filled Will with pure need to the exclusion of all else. It made his location fade into the background as unimportant as that low, lilting rumble wormed its way into his psyche. Will was sure in moments like this that Hannibal could tell him to jump and he’d not even stop to ask how high before he’d done it.

“I believe you’re imagining fucking me. However I’d like to hear how you see it happening. How would you like me, Will?” The sound of Hannibal swearing was almost too much for Will. The curse rolling from his lips like thick honey dripped its way down Will’s spine, muscles tightening along its path until his cock gave a tense twitch on his palm.

“Fuck… ngh… Thinking of fucking you over that desk of yours, right there in your office. Push all your nice, neat little decorations to the floor and bend you over it,” Will said, a slick drop of precum beading at the tip of his cock as he gave the base of the shaft a firm squeeze to stave off orgasm. “Haaaannibal… gonna cum…”

“Then cum for me. Let me hear you,” Hannibal purred down the line. The command was enough to tip Will over the edge, a grunt and a series of gasps tumbled from his lips. He almost lost his grip on the phone as the one on his dick tightened as he stroked over the head.

“Mmm, Good boy. Show me the mess you’ve made,” Hannibal said after a moment of just listening, admiring the breathless noises Will made. Will could practically hear the smirk in Hannibal’s voice as he failed to prevent the aroused whine the request caused him to make.

Pulling the phone from his ear, Will quickly snapped a picture of himself and sent it to Hannibal. It showed most of his face, down his clothed chest, shirt pushed up, and down to his softening cock in his hand. Semen was splattered across his belly and dripped down his fingers, much like the video Hannibal has sent him earlier.

“Very good. I’m very pleased with you, Will”

“Do I get a treat?,” Will joked, a lazy grin tugging up the corners of his lips. It still surprised him how easily he’d fallen into this relationship, and their particular sexual dynamic

“Perhaps. You shall have to wait until tonight and see.”

“I look forward to it.” Will glanced up at the clock on the wall as he spoke, and cursed as he noticed the time. 1:45pm.

“Is everything ok, Will?”

“Yeah, It’s later than I thought. I have a class in five minutes and I haven’t eaten yet.”

“Well, I should let you go then. Do try and eat, as ravenous as I want you to be for tonights dinner, missing meals isn’t healthy.”

“Yes Doctor. I’ll make sure to eat,” Will teased as he grabbed some tissues from a box on the table beside the couch, and cleaned himself up. “I’ll see you tonight,”

“I look forward to it,” Hannibal said, tone fond. “Goodbye, Will.”

“Bye.” Will swallowed the urge to spout some affectionate farewell and hung up, cheeks flushed as he dropped the phone on the couch, running a hand through his hair with a sigh. He sat for a moment, basking in the remnants of his orgasm, before giving a disappointed frown in the direction of the clock and grabbing his bag.

As he left his office, Will wondered if Hannibal would punish him for missing lunch. He’d never considered himself a kinky man, but the prospect of a good spanking had a trill of excitement racing down his spine.

He looked forward to dinner, indeed.

End Notes

Inspired by a very dirty porn gif i saw n thought ‘THATS HANNIS COCK!’
Also inspired by my perpetual NEED for more dick pic/phonesex/sexting fics please feed me i need more.

I swear more findasugardaddy is coming im just struggling to write since i moved and not the best mentally but ejhbjeh&uhebdef im tryin

plz feed me ur comments and kudos, I am a very hungry boy. I require fuel.

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(I have no plans to be continue or expand on this fic, sorry! It's just a oneshot.)

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!